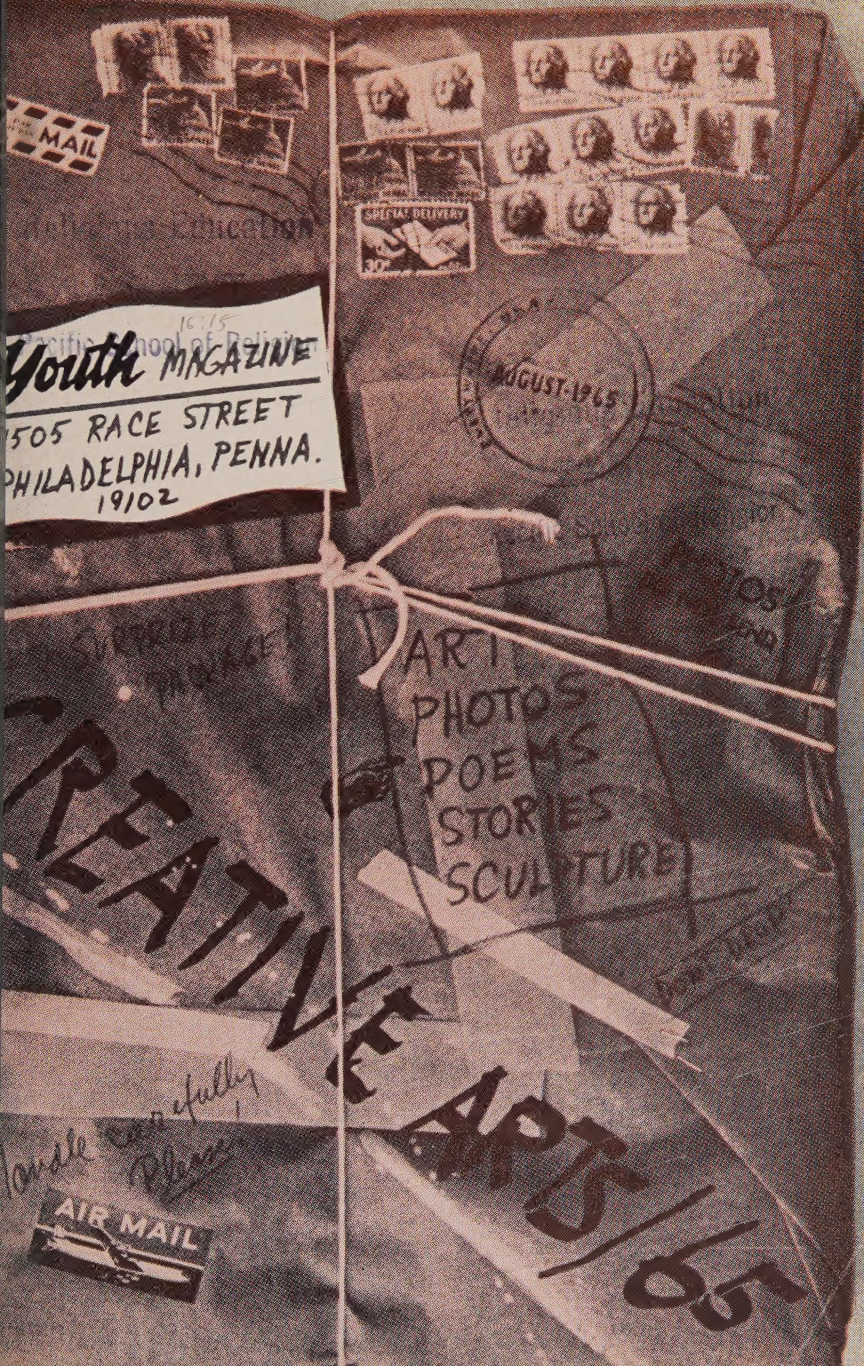
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Everyone is creative in his own wa

Whenever we sing, each of us adds h own little trills and touches to t lyrics and beat of the music. Someh our voice is uniquely us. Or sometim when we're snubbed by someone we like very much, spill out our loneliness in a love poem or in a letter to friend. Words become our tears. Or when we've learn a new way of expressing ourselves—whether it be bigger vocabulary or a camera or a piece of charcoal—want to share it with others. We shape an image a it speaks.

Since the beginning of time, man has sought ways express his feelings, insights, and dreams. Although he very creative, man is not the Creator, but he is the d coverer. Yet man does participate with the Creator in t creative process everytime he seeks, or shares, or speal or prays. Is not human creativity partly a reflection nature, partly a longing to communicate with other m partly a desire to identify with the infinite powers a purposes of the universe?

During the teen years, personal creativity is intensifie simply because our awareness of reality is keen, o need for acceptance is crucial, our knack for expressi is increased, and our search for purpose is life-shapin Many of us in our youth feel more deeply, speak m bluntly, and dream more freely than in the older ye which follow.

This is why YOUTH magazine believes that today's you people ought to be encouraged to express themsel through the creative arts. And so, for the third year i row, we present our Creative Arts Award issue of YOU magazine. First announced in our February 28, 19 issue, the competition closed with the deadline of May 1965. Final judging was done by our staff. The ca gories of creative expression were photography, art wo sculpture, and creative writing (poetry, fiction, n fiction). Any person under 20 years of age qualifi Each person who has an entry published in this issue receiving twenty-five dollars. Other entries which also worthy of publication will be appearing in fut issues of YOUTH magazine and will be identified with award seal shown at the top of this page. If you w extra copies of this 1965 Creative Arts Award issue, se 25 cents for each copy, plus ten cents postage, to YOU magazine.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT / Donald Stotz

COBBLES / Ann Williams

LONELINESS / Julie Thrasher

HE FLOWERS APPEAR ON THE EARTH, THE TIME OF

UNTITLED / Bruce Lum

SUNSET / Don Fatka

EGYPTIAN STILL LIFE / Christopher McNeur

POND LIFE / Sandy Kohler

SO SPRING By VICKI VAN HORN

So spring. Big deal.
I'll spout no spiel
Of poetic frills
Of blooming hills
Of love's sweet pain
Of gentle rain.

So spring. So what?
Is spring so Hot?
What's a spring?
No tangible thing;
Not Latin translation
Nor French conjugation
Nor basketball team
Nor commercial for Gleem
Nor loud Beatle fan,
No part of our plan!

So spring. What is it?
One continuous visit
To cats and cows and moose and mice
To elephants, gorillas, spiders, and lice
From Bangkok to York
By some idiot stork.
This process may someday prove fatal
This change of pace from earth to cradle.
The eye of the world is focused on breeding
Or the baby rhinoceros' two o'clock feeding,
The baby giraffe's first audible snort
Is played on the Huntley-Brinkley Report.

So spring. Every spring-happy nut
Should die with a daffodil thrust in his gut
And be laid to rest where buzzing things sting.
So spring.

SOLITUDE BY JOYCE SIMMONS

The moon paused
In its
Destined flight
Between earth and sun
To doze
On a mountain's crest.
It seemed as if some
Careless Angel
Had let one
Pearl
Slip between dainty fingers
To lighten
The burdens of mankind.

ENCHANTED LAND BY ROSEY E. GARCIA

Low country in grays and dusty greens,
Hot, rough land of no rain.
Where rocks turn black beneath the sun's intensity.
Among plateaus none but dry plants grow.
Parching heat pouts down through sun-glare hours
And each day dies of thirst.
Sky blurs and joins with empty country;
So broad, so flat, so long.
The heaven's horizontal lies out beyond world's end.
I call it the Enchanted Land.

BLACKBERRIES BY BETSY ROSE

The daisies would have been blooming about now, Dave thought, looki out the car window at the pile of orange lumber on the trampled grass the old pasture. The other guys were laughing it up, joking about seni sneak. They didn't see the ochre dirt the bulldozer had pushed up, or t pale yellow heartwood of the already downed cottonwoods. They didn know about the treehouse nesting in the leafless branches of the hor chestnut. Quickly Dave reached across Mike and turned up the radio drown out the roar of the buzzsaws. Why'd I do that? he wondered. I didn't really like the Beatles.

The Comet pulled into his driveway, and Dave hopped out on one le balancing like a stork until he had hung his books on his hip. Goodby were brayed, and he walked into the house, his long legs cutting the like a pair of scissors.

His mother wasn't home from work yet, so he cut a wedge of the co cherry pie left from dinner the night before. The syrup was thick a gluey, not like the berry pies Mom made herself when she had time. licked his fingers as he strode back to his room and changed into t cutoffs he hadn't worn since the carwash last September. On his way to t garage he pocketed a few Oreos in the kitchen and checked the mail mother had brought in for his acceptance at the U. It hadn't come yet.

His bike was in the corner of the garage, behind the grass-stained croqu mallets, coils of green garden hose, a broken waterski, and a deflat innertube. Pale sunlight, like yellow chiffon, highlighted the chipp blue paint of the frame. There were cobwebs on the handlebars a someone had put a trowel encrusted with dry dirt clods in the baskets. T rear tire was almost flat. Dave lifted and pushed his bike out of t clutter. He mounted it, and the hard seat squeaked the way he reme bered. He swung out of his driveway into the road, pedaling hard becau of the low tire. I'm glad I'm not a kid with a paper route, he thought, the cars shot by him. He hoped none of the guys would see him.

At the intersection, he walked his bike across the street and let it fa wheels spinning and spokes glittering in the sun, like tinsel in the tall gra left at the edge of the pasture.

The bulldozer was gouging out the blackberries now, and they we clawing at the blade in vain defense. Dave remembered the fuzzy gre tartness of the unripe berries in a long-ago June, and the warm ink of t sweet fruit in August, beads of red blood where thorns pricked finge and flakes of pie crust floating in purple juice.

The long lovely grass was flattened now by stocks of lumber. It h been good to lie on one's back here, hidden by a curtain of green stems th dried to brittle straws in the summer, smelling the old-books odor of thy and sage, the bees black and gold in the lavender clover that tasted sw to small boys too.

Dave turned and swished through the remaining grass, enjoying the ush of the tangled heads on his legs. The horse chestnut was dead—it d always been like that, its trunk and branches blackened in a fire that one remembered. It stood on a raised circle of dirt now, above the ath of exposed earth. They are going to save it, Dave thought. They ll weed out the starry daisies and clover, the sweet-smelling grass that rlands the base of the trunk, and plant prickly little evergreens and ather from the nursery in a barren rockery. It will stand in the middle the parking lot or between two stores, and people will drop paper cups d old Kleenex on the bare dirt, and when it rains it will cling soggily to e needles of the shrubs.

Dave stretched his hands up the charred trunk of the tree, and they came ck black. He remembered how he'd smudged his clothes and blackened s legs playing in the treehouse. He hooked his legs in the crotch of the ee and pulled himself up by grabbing the lowest branch. It still supported n. Only the bark had been burned. He shimmied and humped his way the floor of the treehouse. The boards were weathered and gray, and e floor was covered with twigs and brittle dead leaves. It was a lot naller than he remembered it, and he had to draw his knees up to his in to sit in it, but he could still see Mt. Rainier over the roof of Frederick's. here was a loose board above his head and on an impulse he pried it loose th a quick twist. There were two rusty bent nails in it and he pulled em out and dropped them into the grass. He threw the board down after em and then dropped himself to the ground. He crouched naturally as landed.

The last light of the sun turned the ridges of the board a soft silver, like old quarter, as it lay in the grass. Dave saw the glow, and picked up e board. What am I going to do with an old board, anyway, he thought, t he still held onto it as he wandered back through the waving grass. A rn blared, and a convertible stopped suddenly at the curb as Dave ached the street.

"Hey, Evans! Come on, wanna come to the DQ with us?"

"Sure." Dave opened the car door and as he stepped in he hid the ard behind him, and let it slip from his fingers. It dropped to the pave- ent with a clatter.

"Where ya been, Davie? Sweeping chimneys?" The car roared away. get my bike tomorrow, Dave thought. I don't really care if I get it at I guess.

The bulldozer operator stepped down from his machine and wiped his ee. He looked at the treehouse. "I had a treehouse like that when I s a kid," he reminisced. "We useta sleep out there sometimes." He ked at the thorny stalks of the berry bushes. "And in the morning, 'd have blackberries for breakfast."

MARCH BY PEGGY RIZZA

red mud
crusted on the edges
with iron ice
that moves under-foot.
water rushes Spring-ward.
The morning air is far too good.
How *can* I go to school?
once inside the building
I would continually wish
to be on the other side of the window.
so I run
and hear-feel
the hollow, echoing heart-pounds
of the four months frozen concrete
under my running, merciless steps.
to breathe morning
to smell march
in all of its semi-fragrant
unsure, nearly-spring thawing.
to watch it quietly bleed
winter down the gutter.
It is good.
Ice yields to mud
and under afternoon sun
I run on mud-shouldered road
carrying my coat.
It is good.
It is march.

And then,
at night
it snowed a wet, sad snow.

WHEN I WONDER BY JUDY GIRE

When I gaze at the sky
With its shades of blue and white,
When I watch the days drift by,
And spill their warmth into the night
When I ponder the powers of this earth;
The mystery of death—the miracle of birth
When I see a humble sparrow fly
Then I wonder, what am I.

RAIN BY LINDA MCKENZIE

The cloud
comes in
covers up
whole towns
at one time
without a sign
it drowns
the grounds
with drops
then stops
without a sign
then leaves
the trees
and flowers
after showers
without a sign
and disappears.
The sky clears
a rainbow shows
then goes
without a sign.

DONALD STOTZ, LANSDALE, PA., 19 / "Through the ages, artists have been ins by various passages from the Holy Scriptures. The story of Creation has been a ration subject depicted in numerous works of art by a variety of artisans. 'Forb Fruit' (page 3) is my interpretation of the tempting of Eve by the serpent. W minimum of elements and a limited palette of black and white, I feel I have able to create a powerful but refreshing solution to an extremely complex piece of cal history."

JULIE THRASHER, MIAMI, FLA., 16 / "Man's inner self is a complexity of em and ideas. I became interested in creative writing and art in an attempt to e and set free these emotions. Linoleum block printing has appealed to me since high school and was an appropriately solid medium for the theme 'Loneliness' (page

ANN WILLIAMS, MILWAUKEE, WIS., 17 / "To notice and bring attention to thing often overlooked as being particularly noteworthy is one of the aspects of ph phy I find exciting, as in 'Cobbles' (page 4). Textures have been some of my f subjects. . . . I like to feel as if I could reach out and touch them throug photograph, as Alice through the Looking Glass."

BRUCE LUM, AIEA, HAWAII, 17 / "Like an author who writes a no photographer is able to create profound impressions with his optical pen. I fin type of self-expression very challenging and satisfying." "Untitled" (page 5).

DON FATKA, POLK CITY, IOWA, 18 / "I became interested in creative photo through my work at school, reading photography magazines, and seeing a very photography exhibit. A teacher I had in school sparked my interest and then help along as I learned more and more. 'Sunset' (page 6) was taken during the floo spring. I feel it shows quietness and calm even in a time of trouble."

CHRISTOPHER McNEUR, PHILADELPHIA, PA., 19 / "I have always thought that an integral part of society—the artist has the obligation not only to transcribe observer the physical characteristics of a civilization, but also to discover the stronger essence, poetry, and rhythm of a people. This is the reason I became int in creative expression. 'Egyptian Still Life' (page 6) is an attempt to captu Mediterranean mystery and color by using different colored daisies, orange segmen Eastern vase and the rough knife. It is basically a simple, sensual piece wi atmosphere of momentary joy, edged with a deeper Middle Eastern mystery."

SANDY KOHLER, PROSPECTVILLE, PA., 16 / "Emerson once wrote, 'Beauty is i excuse for being.' My definition of creative expression follows this idea. It is to some form of art work that pleases the eye and makes at least one person 'fee when he or she sees it. 'Pond Life' (page 7) is a tissue paper and paste pictu first one I have attempted. I especially like tissue paper as a medium because translucency and brilliance of color. There is no deep meaning to this picture, feeling of quietness is present."

VICKI VAN HORN, POTTSTOWN, PA., 17 / "Man has written in protest with the stylus and the typewriter. My own pencilled objections form a large minority of my writing. 'So Spring' (page 8) is a mildly cynical protest against birds, daffodils, the reawaking earth, a young man's thoughts when they turn to fluffy chicks, and all other stereotypes of a traditionally trite spring."

JOYCE SIMMONS, ALBUQUERQUE, N.M., 16 / "I wrote my first poem two years ago for an assignment in creative writing class. Under the encouragement and direction of my teacher I wrote many more, some of which were published in the school literary magazine. I was also inspired by the writing sessions at our church youth camp, Camp Thunderbird. I do not feel that 'Solitude' (page 9) needs any explanation. I think that poetry loses its meaning and purpose if interpreted."

ROSEY GARCIA, SANTA DOMINGO PUEBLO, N.M., 17 / "My entry, 'Enchanted Land' (page 9), describes much of the country here in our Southwest, including some of the area around my home in Santa Domingo Pueblo. We Indians live much closer to nature than most other races, and I find creative writing a means to express my feelings and beliefs. In the Enchanted Land every minute produces new color, new shadows, a new vista. Here in the wide expanses of the Southwest one feels how small a speck we are in God's universe."

BETSEY ROSE, BELLEVUE, WASH., 18 / "Living in a rapidly growing suburb, I should be used to the roar of the bulldozer. However. I have never been able to reconcile myself to the loss of trees and fields in the interest of what we are told is progress. The meadow in 'Blackberries' (pages 10-11) exists—or existed—near the center of my town. At present, it is being plowed up for a shopping center. Today we travel huge distances to find wilderness, while we watch nearby natural areas disappear without a murmur of protest. Something is amiss in the values of a society that consistently sacrifices aesthetics for a profit."

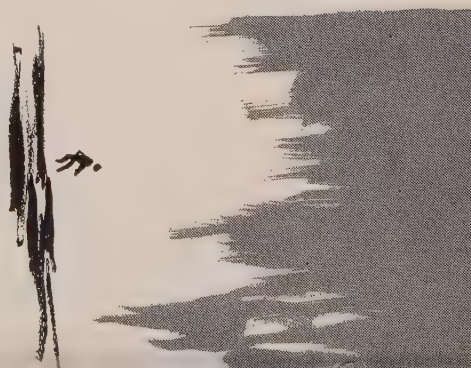
PEGGY RIZZA, NEW BRITAIN, CONN., 16 / "To me, creative expression is the manifestation of awareness of the world and the eternal. The poet and artist realize the connection as well as the separation between the two. 'March' (page 12) I think is a restlessness—a mood—more than anything else. Because it is so heartlessly stuck between the well-defined extremes of winter and summer, at first meeting it seems to lack any outstanding characteristics of its own. The month of March is indecisive and unpredictable; one has no alternative but to try to reconcile it."

JUDY GIRE, HARRISBURG, PA., 18 / "I enjoy writing poems because I have found that I am able to express myself most satisfactorily through this medium. Poetry allows the writer more freedom and room for creative thought than pure prose. To me, writing a poem is very similar to sketching a scene from one's mind and highlighting certain areas. 'When I Wonder' (page 13) was my first poem and one of the few I have composed in rhyme. In the poem I have tried to project some of the amazement and sense of insignificance I have often experienced. It is only when one is aware of the perfection of the smallest creature, plant, or aspect of nature that one begins to appreciate life itself more vividly, and to question one's own role in a world of wonders."

LINDA McKENZIE, OREM, UTAH, 17 / "I have always been interested in creative expression and believe that everyone should try to express some originality in this way. When I wrote 'Rain' (page 13) I was in my history class daydreaming. The rain was pouring down outside and I was (especially at that time) interested in nature."

DECISION / John Tilley

DANCER NO. 2 / Chuck Krumroy



VHO SATISFIETH THY MOUTH WITH GOOD THINGS; SO

MEMORY / Thompson Randall

CONFLICT / Steve Koch

HARVEY / Richard A. Taylor

CARTOON / Richard Heath

TO LIVE FOR BY ELLEN PHILLIPS

She bent over her mother, who was lying on the couch, reading a boo recommended by the liberal thinker at the faculty retreat last weeken The girl's brown hair fell over her cheeks, and she stuck it behind her ea

"Is it good?" an attempt at a smile.

"Oh, yes. It's about freedom."

"Freedom," the brown-haired girl repeated dully.

"The freedom to—to love, I think."

"Oh." The word love always made her uncomfortable. People were a ways throwing the word around. Schmaltzy, that's what love is, s thought.

Her mother gave her a tired smile. The girl stiffened her jaw a litt Then she knelt down and folded her arms on the couch, and put her ch on her wrists.

"Oh, gol." She wanted to say oh God, but her mother's face wouldn't l her.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"I can't ever accomplish anything, that's all."

"Well, what do I accomplish, dear? What have I done today? N much of anything. What have you done?"

"I wrote some letters."

"There, that's something."

"Oh, mother." Her shoulders silently heaved. "I can't try. That's wh I can't do. What are you supposed to do when you can't even try, hu And I don't even want anything—I mean I don't have any consuming pa sions to live for, you know?"

"Well, lots of people don't want much. *I* don't want very much, just happy family and—"

"Oh, you've lived your life!"

"Thank you, thank you."

"What?—oh, I'm *sorry*, Mother," she said vaguely. "Well, but I want something."

"What? What do you want?"

"I don't know—" she licked her lips. "And this drama camp you wa me to go to. I don't even know if I'm interested in drama."

"But we thought you—you said you wanted to go. But you can alwa change your mind, honey. It's always your decision, you know." H mother smiled, with love.

"Yeah." The girl stood up, ending the exchange. Don't love me so muc she thought, walking into the kitchen. Please don't love me so much. don't deserve it. She thought of her evening—three hours of televisio She cleaned the garbage off the dinner plates, and began assembling t dirty things near the sink.

Her father walked by, and began to help her clear. She mentally cringed. e wished he would hug her, so she could push him away. He didn't. ien he said, carefully, almost *shyly*, "May I help you?"
"No."
He continued to help her. She let the water run into the sink, then took e plugger out to empty its collected garbage into the trash. He reached t to do it for her, but she hurriedly did it herself, pretending not to tice.
He started to walk out of the kitchen. She looked around, carefully, shing to God he would stay, fighting the feeling. He stopped at the leboard, looking for something in the drawer. She watched his reflec- n in the dark window before the sink. A lump filled her throat. He ılked out of the kitchen. She began to wash a cup, but could hardly see for the tears.

UNTAMED BY CHRISTINE E. SHINE

Across the verdant fields she runs,
Head thrown back,
Fair hair streaming,
Her whole being inhabited
By that inexplicable glow and sparkle
Of youth,
Her eyes reflecting
A momentary contact
With something
Very close
To paradise.
She is the essence
Of life itself
And the character
Of existence
Yet untamed.

POOLSIDE BY BETSY ROSE

A sudsy froth of water lace,
His beaded legs tanned honey hue,
Her wet slicked hair hangs in her face,
A sudsy froth of water lace,
They cannonball or backstroke race,
A crayoned sky is scribbled blue,
A sudsy froth of water lace,
A sunny summer rendezvous.

PRAYER OF A 20TH CENTURY YOUTH BY CLAUDIA TORNBLO

O God:
Who mixes a drink of life for each to taste;
Remove from me the cork of willfulness;
Chill me with hard, cold reality;
Stir me with the rod of reproof;
And I will go forth . . .
On the rocks.

GREASE RELEASE BY SUSAN SEARLES

As bacon sizzles, cracks, and grease pours into pot,
Mechanic mutters and frowns at fingers slimy and black.
The stout cook pounds with fleshy arms at roast that's hot;
A jacket creaks as slinky fingers comb hair back.

A sweaty woman's lard shines slick with "Sea and Ski."
A salad drips with Roquefort, Russian, and clear olive oil.
A knife spreads butter on French fries, hot buns, turnips, and peas.
A slimy fluid seeps from red swollen boil.

Burner off, engine dead, cook asleep, boy in shower,
Woman in pool, salad down drain, butter soaked in, boil sealed up—
Ah!! Coolness—dryness
Rest!

IMPRISONED SPLENDOR BY SHARON BULLOCK

I know of a diamond.
It's secret,
And precious,
And alone.
It's been hidden away,
Covered,
Camouflaged,
Locked
In a cage for seventeen years
Crying,
Begging,
Pleading
In vain for someone,
Black,
White,
Anyone
To reach through the cage and
Touch it,
See it,
Hold it,
And let it add its
Small beauty,
Small greatness,
Small sparkle
To the unlocked world.

THE MACBETHS BY LYNDA YOST

Act 1—*The MacBeths are sitting in their living room. Mr. MacBeth is watching television. Mrs. MacBeth is reading the newspaper.*

Mrs. M: O sweetest sweetheart, oh darlingest dear,
Look at the newspaper, see what it says here.
Read this article please, I pray.
The one about the "King of May."

MacBeth: Sniveling wench, if you'd hand it to me,
The paper would be much more easy to see.
(*She gives him the paper*)
It says, "Attention, all broad-minded men.
Here's a contest you'll be interested in.
As you know, the Queen of May is quite pretty,
But so are most of the girls in our city.
This year we're trying a brand-new thing;
We, the people, will choose a May King.
Ten thousand a year, for the rest of his life
To the guy who has the charmingest wife."

Mrs. M: I'll say, with all due modesty,
How can you lose, since you're married to me?

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

MacBeth: I'll be the king, and you'll be my queen,
Since married guys in this town number thirteen.
Seven are widowers, two are divorced,
And Mrs. McDevonston looks like a horse.
Mrs. Jones is a deaf-mute, Mrs. Smith has no brain,
Our only opponent is Mrs. Duncane.

Mrs. M: Today's the last day of our grief and our sorrow.
For the contest will be held tomorrow.

Act 2—*The MacBeths walk in, looking very downcast.*

MacBeth: Of all the doggone lousy luck,
Two contestants, and we're runners-up.
This is the most unfortunate thing
That could hapen to me—I was *born* to be king.

Mrs. M: Don't cry, darling. Listen to this . . .
There is still a chance for our endless bliss.
(*She reads from the paper*)
"Ties will be given in case of ties,
Runner-up takes King's place if he dies."
(*She puts the paper down*)
To prove we're good sports, don't you think it best
To have Duncane tonight as our guest?
And after tomorrow we'll no longer be poor.
We'll be rich forever. Need I say more?

MacBeth: You're brilliant, darling. You're an egg in my beer.
But you've overlooked one small detail, dear.
In this contest, they've decided, I hear,
To give him guards, for atmosphere.

Mrs. M: Oh you silly, frightened rabbit!
When you see opportunity, why don't you grab it?
We'll get them drunk as lords, and in time,
We will have someone to blame for the crime.
(*She hands him a dagger*)
It's not that I hesitate to be bad,
It's just he reminds me of my dad.
Call him now, invite him, hold your laughter,
And happiness we will know hereafter.

MacBeth: Those witches I spoke to the other day
They didn't tell me I'd become King in *this* way.

Act 3—*Mr. Duncane has accepted the MacBeths' invitation. He has retired for the night, and his "guards" are in his room. Unfortunately, Mrs. MacBeth has fixed them a drink.*

Mrs. M: Now get in there and do your stuff
The guards are sure "out cold" enough
Hear you the snoring from within?
I slipped 'em each a Mickey Finn.

MacBeth: My dear, you were born a nagger.
(*he enters chamber*)
Mrs. M: Come back, fool! You forgot the dagger.
You've never done anything right in your life.
You can't stab a king without a knife.
MacBeth: Yes dear.
(*he re-enters chamber*)
The old hag thinks that she married a jerk
Who'll always do her dirty work
This business is messy, and lots of bother.
Hey!!! He *does* sorta look like her father.
I'll be careful not to get blood on the carpet
'Cause if I know *her*, she'll make me mop it.
(*one of the guards starts*)
Will you keep still, you drunken bum?
We can't say "What's done is done." 'til I'm done.
(*he stabs the king*)
The king's now dead! Strike up the bands.
Oh *ish!!!* Now I've got blood on my hands.
Guard 1: Aha!!!
MacBeth: Hah?
Guard 2: He said "aha"?
MacBeth: (*to audience*)
How can they be conscious, these drunken thugs?
This is the age of wonder drugs.
(*to guards*)
What is wrong? Why did you yell?
I was checking to see if all was well.
Guard 2: C'mon, Mac, you can do better than that.
All three of us know you're a lousy rat.
Two years in the workhouse, six in the pen
On parole from a sentence of five to ten.
MacBeth: You've done some checking up, I see
And caught me redhanded, *literally*.
And now please tell me, to wrap up the show,
Why'd you suspect? How did you know?
Guard 2: MacMason warned us that you were a fink,
Which is why we poured out your wife's lovely drink.
MacBeth: MacMason the lawyer? But how did *he* know?
He's kept so busy with his TV show
I know he's real great, and everything,
But how did he know that I'd kill the king?
Guard 1: MacBeth, your obtuseness keeps me in stitches.
Think you're the only guy who sees witches?
MacBeth: But why didn't you save Duncane when you saw?
Guard 2: We did, you just killed your father-in-law.

THE END

CHUCK KRUMROY, WESTLAKE, OHIO, 16 / "To me, art has always been the sincere way to express what I really am. My works are statements of being, in w assert myself and my ideas for whatever they may be worth. Through them I express what I see, think, or feel in or about a given subject, be it abstract idea o crete object. My painting 'dancer #2' (page 16) is a statement of those emotions caused the dancer to chose that particular position. In it, I tried to capture the and the entire atmosphere which her pose evoked."

JOHN TILLEY, NORTH AMHERST, MASS., 15 / "I became interested in art it seemed the best way I could express my feelings. Local artists are helpi develop techniques. I also appreciate that the church is taking more interest creative arts. I couldn't stand some of the pictures they used to throw at us in School, but last spring our church had an art exhibit which included origin Picasso, Roualt, and Baskin. I think it was really great. Concerning 'Decision' 16): It is an attempt to portray the emotions of a teenager confronted with joini church."

THOMPSON RANDALL, COLUMBUS, OHIO, 16 / "The photographic fa creative expression started for me fours years ago when I discovered that photo could be more than a tool for mirroring instants of time. Through a selecti and darkroom techniques, I found that one is able to create an expression of a instead of remaining merely a spectator of moments in human experience. 'M (page 17) symbolizes a concept of our connection with past human experien only link between us and past experiences is memory: warped, distorted, and weat

STEVE KOCH, ST, MARY'S OHIO, 19 / "To me, art is a little bit of everyth never really became interested in creative arts at one particular moment; it has been a part of me. It is a way of communicating my inner self to the outside My entry 'Conflict' (page 18) is such a communication. It is special to me in t my inward thoughts are projected visually toward the outside world."

RICHARD A. TAYLOR, OMAHA, NEB., 17 / "I have been interested in art sir fifth grade. Next year, my senior year, I will be taking Art III at Bellevue Senio School, Bellevue, Neb. After graduation, I will go on either to art school or to major in fine arts in hopes of becoming a commercial artist. 'Harvey' (page I a good practical quality. He can be portrayed as almost anything from a Beach Bu Hillbilly. He can be adapted to many unusual situations."

CATHIE CONNORS, KENSINGTON, CALIF., 15 / "Art has always been a part just like eating and sleeping. I remember that one of my prize possessions as girl was a large box of crayons which I toted to and from school everyday. Creat pression is a thing of beauty, yet at the same time, it is a reflection of the artist and mind. One shows one's ideas and ideals in what one creates. When a perso anything creative he is giving something of himself to other people to enjoy. I baseball game on television. I was struck by the graceful movements of the a 'Action' (page 19) tries to capture a split second of the action of a pitcher deliv ball."

RICHARD HEATH, FRAMINGHAM, MASS., 19 / "I'm going to Massachusetts of Art in Boston and am about to enter my sophomore year. I've been interested all my life and planned to go to art school when I was in the eighth grade. I love with cartooning in the eighth grade too, and am going to use that in adv when I get out of college. I can put a lot into my cartoons; satirical comments on or customs—things like that. This cartoon 'Big Deal! So It Rolls' (page 19) is sold to *Scholastic Roto* magazine a year ago. It's my 'good luck' entry."

ELLEN PHILLIPS, ST. CLOUD, MINN., 15 / "Like most of the entrants, I have been writing just about all my life. As a writer, however, I have not yet reached the stage in which I can sensitively portray a totally fictitious situation. The girl in my story 'To Live For' (page 20) is mostly me, and the story is mostly true. Yet, I think it could be about almost anyone my age. The girl in the story wants her life to have purpose. In the story she stands at the beginning of a great realization—that the most beautiful accomplishment one can ever achieve is to be able to love."

CHRISTINE SHINE, WEST HAVEN, CONN., 15 / "What really awoke my interest in writing was a conference which I attended where I became a member of a group, part of whose daily schedule was an hour or so devoted to creative thinking and writing. I tried my hand at writing prose to express my feelings, not even dreaming that I could write poetry and perhaps make my impressions more meaningful. Now, when a situation arises about which I have a particularly strong feeling, I can feel a force pulling me to a pen and paper. I have become more sensitive to beauty especially. Such was my feeling when I wrote 'Untamed' (page 21). The stimulus was the sight of a little tow-headed girl running across a field at dusk. Here was beauty in its fullest sense, and I was moved to write down my impression of this glimpse of loveliness."

BETSY ROSE, BELLEVUE, WASH., 18 / "'Poolside' (page 22) attempts to present a kaleidoscope of summer images. Hopefully, it will encourage readers to look again at the world they see every day and realize the exquisiteness of the commonplace. The feathery tips of weeds, the texture of the sky on a cloudy day, the color of sunshine through new leaves—each is a miracle."

CLAUDIA TORNBLOM, LINCOLN, NEB., 18 / "Writing has always been a means of release for me. It doesn't matter whether it is poetry, prose, a term paper, or a long letter, just so long as I can put a little of myself in it." "Prayer of a 20th Century Youth" (page 22).

SUSAN SEARLES, IOWA CITY, IOWA, 18 / "When I write a poem it usually is about an experience I've had or an idea I get from an experience. One morning while cooking bacon and pouring the hot grease into a coffee can. I spilled a great blob of scalding grease down the stove and over my arm. Later when I was trying to think up a poem, this incident came back to me and I attempted to think of other situations where oil and grease were used and how they could be put together in a poem. I came up with 'Grease Release' (page 22). I like satirical and humorous poetry better than sentimental, wishy-washy verse. Poetry should comment on life as it is and not as one might wish it to be."

SHARON BULLOCK, ESSEX, CONN., 17 / "'Imprisoned Splendor' (page 23) was written last summer at a Creative Writing Conference I attended. I wrote in response to this phrase as it was mentioned by our conference leader. The poem is about me—how I seek for someone to discover the real me—not to know or like me for what they see only. It is my desire to let others know of the beliefs and ideals which exist in my heart."

LYNDA YOST, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 17 / "I have always been interested in creative expression, but I started writing poems and essays for my personal enjoyment when I was in junior high school. During eleventh grade my English class studied Shakespeare, and we were assigned to do a satire on 'Macbeth.' Thus, my skit, 'The Macbeths' (pages 23-25)."

GAIL / John McNeur

MOTHER AND CHILD / Julie Brown

WEIRD WEED / Ric Swanson

THE MIRACLE WORKER / Ann Williams

I LOVE YOU, TOO / Bruce Lum

UNTITLED / Bruce Lum

A POEM WRITTEN OSTENSIBLY TO EXPLAIN TEENAGERS TO ADULTS, BUT REALLY TO TELL YOU WHY I LOVE YOU BY RUSSELL ROWLAND

The springness we searched for today
Along Piper Brook and away
Over pastures and past little valleys,
The here-and-there dillies and dallies
We made as we ambled along
Through the brambles, the meadow-lark song
You stole from a bird in the clover
While solemn fat clouds bustled over
The sun, and their sentinent shadows
Spread oceans of shade on the meadow,
The birch-fenced and grass-dappled glade
Where we *know* little people have played,
Though we never will prove it, the way
Old Bachelor Crow had his say
And a bright butterfly dangled near us
Shyly trying to overhear us,
How you rested your head on my shoulder
As if, if we never grew older
And never went on a step farther,
It surely should not be a bother
To us, and the meadow soft kiss
That you gave me (remember?—like this);
Made a day I may never forget,
And assured I won't ever regret
My neglect of imposed obligation:
I will face without trepidation
The exam I am going to flunk
With a very magnificent clunk.

THE PROM BY HELEN KREIS

I slid my tray along the cafeteria counter, oblivious to the musical chatter that sprinkled around me. A shrill voice broke into my reverie. "You'll never guess who asked me to the prom." That was Sarah. Of course everybody knew who had asked her, but they murmured the correct inquiries, anyway. I knew the date I wanted would never ask me. Steeped as I had been in regional traditions and taboos, I had hurt him by telling him I was too good for him. I'll never forget his face when realization pierced his unawareness. Just a simple statement: "Mama doesn't want me to dance with Mexicans anymore, now that I'm in high school."

It was just a simple statement, and yet what a bolt of thunder it was.

I never got a chance to tell Manuel that I didn't feel like Mama did. Perhaps that was why I was always so uneasy when he was around—because he didn't know that I didn't feel like Mama felt. . . .

That afternoon Manual and I collided head-on in the hall, scattering books and papers hither and yon.

"Hey, you dropped something," laughed Manuel, grabbing for my physics book.

"So I did," I replied sedately, retrieving my slide rule, "but I've got it all back now, except for my physics book."

"I can carry your books for you," said Manuel.

"I'll carry them."

"Okay, you carry them," he said.

"May I have my physics book back?"

"What for?"

"What does one usually want a physics book for?" I asked primly, perhaps a little too primly.

"You've got a point there," he replied, his generous smile tightening into a thin line over his teeth.

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded," I wanted to say. Instead I said, "If you'll excuse me, I have to hurry home."

All of a sudden he was like a volcano erupting after years of pent-up fury. With a burst of emotion his fist hit the wall, and he swung to face me. "What's the matter? Are you ashamed to be seen with me or something? Would you rather I walked on the other side of the hall, so we can't talk to each other, and so nobody will think we are walking together? Well, I'll play the part of the gentleman and make myself scarce. I won't embarrass you any more!" And he was gone before I could say another word.

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That night was cool, but it held a promise of spring, and I felt like spring as I finished my trig and wrote my English theme. I was in the middle of government when Mama came in. "Marilyn, there's a Mex outside that wants to talk to you." In a lower tone she added, "I hope you haven't been running around with any of those foreigners. I wouldn't want one of my daughters to do that."

Stifling my exasperation, I ran to the foyer and opened the door.

"Why, hello, Manuel," I said, trying not to think how black his hair was and how his eyes snapped.

"Here's your physics book," he said shortly, turning to go.

"Oh, Manuel—"

He turned. "Yes?"

"Uh—" Mama's heels clicked in the foyer, and I stiffened. "Would you like to come in for a few minutes?"

Manuel's eyes widened. "But your folks—"

"Don't worry about them," I said a little breathlessly.

He turned to go again, and then he turned back and looked at me. In a moment he was beside me on the step, looking down into my face.

"Do you really want me to come into your house?"

"Yes," I said, and suddenly it was the most important thing in the world.

His eyes lighted up, and he smiled gently. "All right, but first there's something I'd like to ask you. I've wanted to ask you for a long time. Will you go with me to the prom?"

My heart skipped a beat. I nodded, and for a long moment we stood there, locked in each other's glance. Then his hand reached for the door knob, I took a deep breath, and we went inside.

BEFORE LOVE BY MARTHA GARLAND

The night is still, and yet we seem to live
In the company of each other we forget
We ask nothing in return for what we give
And know tomorrow won't dawn with regret

We are young, as yet we think not with our minds
We sow and pay no heed to what we'll reap
Tomorrow we'll both follow separate paths
Our memories are enough for us to keep.

THE AUCTION BY S. LYNN HAWTHORNE

The big dog ruffled his tail along the floor each time the woman passed him. Between these times he stretched his legs straight and yawned with a squeak. He lay out full length in front of the kitchen door with his nose against the bottom door-crack where the fresh, cold wind slid into the room. The dog's thick fur blocked the draft and faint air kept the collie from panting. His eyes, shaped like chocolate droplets, closed for short naps and opened for quick glances at the woman who shared the kitchen.

The women moved around the room; first sitting at the center table then standing and going to the window, and finally returning to sit. Her hands rustled slightly over the silverware set on the table. Her wedding ring clinked against the white china plates and turned scale notes on the glass as her hands wandered. Her fingers traced the faded rose trellis and its pink blossoms printed into the tablecloth. Shoving the plate, she pushed her elbows on the table and leaned onto them with her slender hands over her eyes.

"My name is Mary Ryan and I'm going to have a baby," she softly spoke to her ring which was pressed into her face. "That's no news, though. Kelly's mare is foaling too. She beat me." The woman rose again and walked in slow steps to the window.

The shack huddled into the hill like a grandmother clutching a shawl over her shoulders. The blizzard snow had whitened the window's panes and the house doorknob. The blizzard wind brushed and beat and swept the wooden planks of the dugout's outside wall. The woman pushed her face against the window. Her man's lantern sprayed white rays from behind the barn siding. The light was bleak, ending its strength before it reached the house.

"He'll be out there a long time yet," she said. "Hope not as long as he's been."

She raised her hand to her hair. "I can't tell him . . . no use in it." Her fingers pressed over her eyes. "Poor old mare out there. How can she endure the cold? How can she endure?" The woman smiled slightly. "Kelly's there." Then her face saddened. Her dark eyes seemed shallower. Shadows flowed alongside her hair, down the narrow cheekbones and touching softly below her lips. Her sadness was expressionless, told only by her sloped shoulders and hopeless hands held across her front. Her belly was gently thick, not yet stretched round.

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"I won't say anything to him," she murmured. "Dear God, I haven't spoken since the auction." She swung around. Her head was up and her breasts heaved deeply. "Fool man . . . fool! That fool auction, that fool city. Everything! So . . . everything but the money. No, that's not true. We had something before he left. We had something, but he came back with a dying mare. And I made a dying home. Dear God! I've kept myself tight locked.

"If screaming would help I'd scream till I'd broken his fool lantern way out there!" Her fist was clenched against her middle. The old dog had raised his head and watched her. When she stopped speaking, she looked down and gazed at the dog and he bumped his tail on the floor in encouragement.

"I'll wait up," she said to the dog. She slowly walked into the second room, got a blanket off the bed and came into the kitchen again. She blew out the kerosene lamp on the center table. "No need for a light in this house." She slid her feet along the floor, making sure she would not walk into a chair. The woman moved towards the door. Her foot hit the big collie. "Easy, Mister, I'm joining you."

The room had long been still in the dense darkness. The door shoved hard and slammed the sleepers. The dog woke, floundering and pushing against the woman. Her skirt and blanket were twisted, binding the dog and woman down deep against the floor and door. She reached her hand out. Her eyes were open, staring wide at the darkness.

"Dog! Dog!" she called. Her feet were pushing against the door. The dog scratched into the blanket and rose and fell against her face. The woman grappled, wound her arms around the dog and shoved her face in the open. Lantern light stung her eyes.

"What? my God! you hurt?" Kelly stood by the open door looking down at his wife and dog and blanket. The woman shoved the dog off her and rolled onto her side. The

big collie stood up spraddle-legged, sneezed and walked stiffly over to the table and lay down again.

The man had put the lamp on the floor and leaned into the door and closed it. He watched the woman. "Mary, you awake?"

"Not really. I meant to be," she answered. He stepped over her and kneeled down facing her. The light spread out along her so her front shadowed black. Kelly put his hands on her waist, a valley in the blanket folds.

"The mare's foal died," he told his wife. "A breech-birth . . . nearly killed the mare. I had to spread a hay bale over her so's she won't get sick any worse."

The woman moved her head on her arm to look at Kelly. Red streaks were smeared across his forehead and down his long face. He stood up and took off his coat, which was wet from the snow. The woman smelled his stench of horse sweat, man sweat, blood and lye. His shirt hung out. There was a straight rip from his underarm across his chest. His jeans and boots were wet and darkened to the same color. Kelly stood looking down. His eyes looked bright and strong, but the woman looked at his tight mouth. She followed the shift of his jawbone as he clenched his teeth.

"I'm sorry, Kelly," the woman told him. She hesitated and looked down at his boots. "I really am sorry." The soft feeling of despair crept into her breasts and up through her slender neck into her low voice. "That mare never deserved it, Kelly." She spoke slowly, still not looking at him. ". . . you neither . . ." Her tight throat made her pause. "I just didn't see right." Her eyes were closed. "Oh Kelly, I was wrong. I just am so sorry." And she turned into the blanket folds and pressed into the wall, clutching at her loose hair while she cried. ". . . oh man . . ." she sobbed, for Kelly had lain beside her and stroked her shoulder with his blood-stained hand.

JOHN McNEUR, PHILADELPHIA, PA., 14 / "Up until about two years ago I only been exposed to very simple photography such as family snapshots and h movies, and I could see no relationship between art and photography. I wanted break away from the bareness of home photography and go deeper into subjects to b out hidden emotions and even exaggerate feelings in contrast to surroundings attribute this breakthrough to my mother, an artist; and to a close friend who free-lance photographer. In the photograph 'Gail' (page 28) an impoverished corrupted building contrasts with the innocent and uncorrupted child."

JULIE BROWN, COLUMBUS, OHIO, 16 / "My first really intensive interest in art last year when I took an art course at school. In fact, it was in this class that I my clay sculpture. We had been studying shapes for a while and the assignment Make something in a simple form, with a deeper meaning to it than just a shap came up with 'Mother and Child' (page 29). I could have called it 'Madonna Child,' but I wanted a broader sense of motherhood. I wanted to portray surrounding protection any mother should feel for her baby; yet I wanted a certain of openness to the figure, to show that eventually she, the mother, would have to le child go into the world of adulthood."

RIC SWANSON, WILMETTE, ILL., 17 / "I had a wonderful teacher in seventh g who started me writing poems and short stories. They weren't very good, but I interested and continued to write throughout high school for English classes. I took art course in summer school last year, and in my senior year I was a member of high school's creative writing class. Creative expression seeks to convey essences from experiences in an interesting and imaginative way that appeals to the emotions as we the intellect of the artistic observer. My entry was an offshoot from one of my assignments. We were supposed to observe weeds in the wild, and then, to increase powers of observation we were to make detailed sketches of the most interesting w we saw. Because of the particular quality of line and shape in this 'Weird Weed' (30) I went a step further and made a photograph of it to add the sharp contras black and white to the selected line and form, inherent in the weed itself."

ANN WILLIAMS, MILWAUKEE, WIS., 17 / "To catch a fleeting moment of inte in a play, 'The Miracle Worker' (page 30). is another aspect of photography whi find exciting."

BRUCE LUM, AIEA, OAHU, HAWAII, 17 / "Many people consider a photographe be an artist, but I consider him to be a critic of life's combination of emotio "Untitled" and I Love You Too" (page 31).

RUSSELL ROWLAND, BETHEL, CONN., 17 / "Poetry is a link with reality. I spent one evening in heaven working on 'A poem written ostensibly to explain teenagers to adults, but really to tell you why I love you' (page 32) when I should have been studying, and the next day I watched the last two lines come true. The rest of the poem is a union of many memories and experiences, and the end result has a new reality of its own—it lives by itself. Creation is something I can't really define, but it isn't a pleasure or an escape. It's a need."

HELEN KREIS, TRIPOLI, IOWA, 17 / "Today, when racial controversy is such an issue, people tend to forget that there is more than one kind of prejudice. 'The Prom' (pages 33-34) was an English writing assignment. We were asked to write a story, set in the Southwest, about a Spanish-American boy and a girl whose background was entirely different. The end product of my efforts was the story about Marilyn and how she reacted to area prejudices. I have been writing constantly since the eighth grade—mostly poems and essays describing different moods of the prairie country I live in and love. 'The Prom' was my first piece of fiction."

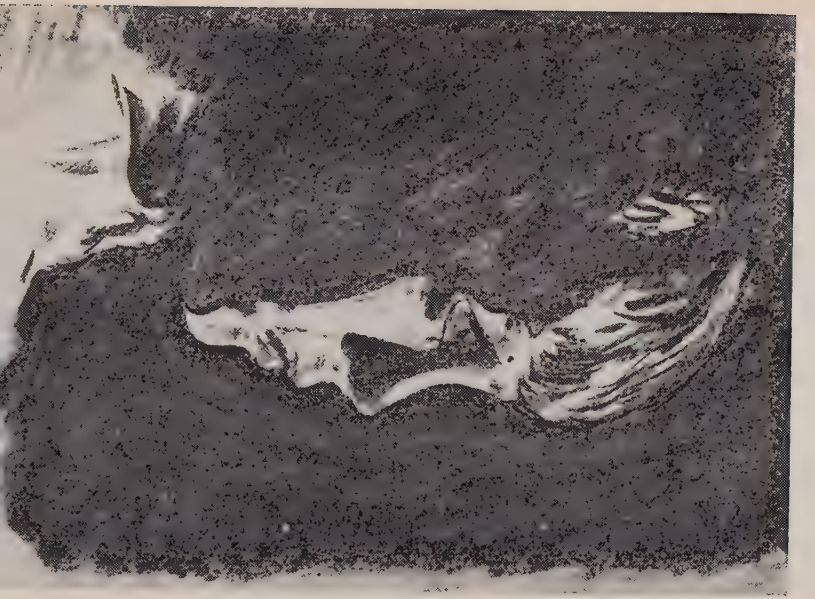
MARTHA GARLAND, LOVELAND, OHIO, 17 / "It seems that everyone must, and does, express himself. I use words to express my feelings (my poems usually express what I think and feel more than what I see). 'Before Love' (page 34) is one of my favorite poems because it is simple and honest. It sings the song of young people 'in love' who think with their hearts, and love undemandingly. Perhaps this prologue to a greater love is the most sincere, tender form of love."

S. LYNN HAWTHORNE, MINNETONKA, MINN., 18 / "In 'The Auction' (pages 35-37) there is nothing black or white. There is woman, man, child—animal life—life and death and despair with love. All these are mixed up as they are in everyone. There is convention (marriage symbolized by a ring) and the unconventional (the man and wife sleeping on the floor). Yet all things blend and lead in and out of one another. Not all is understood. I created the story—yet the characters are people whom I do not fully fathom. That is reality to me—an unsure, unreal look at movement around us . . . I have tried to write with understatement, style and emotional impact. If no one understands a point but has a feeling—fine. Maybe the third time through the reader and I can analyze what happened."

UNTITLED / Tim Scott

BLUE GIRLS / Annette Plettau

THE SISTERS / Susanna Berman



CHILD IN THE NIGHT / Andrea Lahrs

UNTITLED / Robert Spear

THE CANDY BOWL IN SUNLIGHT / Don Fatka

VERSE BY BUFFY REWICK

Just turned six, that stormy night,
My party long since over
I spent the evening by the fire
Where it was warm—and Dover

My kitty, tired by the fun
Of romping through ribbons and wrappings,
Curled in my lap, the safest place
She knew there was for nappings.

The rain outside beat on the door,
It begged to be let in.
But I ignored it as I sat
Exploring some frosting on my chin.

It was chocolate—but that
Seems childish right now
When I am almost all grown up
And ought to be concerned with how

One feels when one is six.
There seemed to be something missing.
I'd lost something as I sat
And listened to rain hissing

As it hit the coals in the roaring blaze
And disappeared—to where?
If I were five I'd say it went
To fairyland, and there

Bejeweled a fairy princess' crown—
But I am six—I tell my cat!
And six-year-olds are all grown up
And can not be concerned with that.

Perhaps my youth is what I've lost.
That's what mommy says when she's mad
At hair that greys or things she can't
Do that she did before—it's sad

That I have reached that turning point.
I must have—why else could it be
That I should cry at a party's end
With life stretched out ahead of me?

I *am* crying now—and me—six!
I hid it at the party when
I blew out all six candles—
And something felt so final then.

Dover's only two, and she could
Not begin to understand
How I feel and help to show me
Where to go and take my hand

And go with me—for the rain
Is very loud—and after all,
I may be six, and all grown up,
But just turned six is awfully small.

TO FLY A KITE BY MIKE THOMSETT

In the park are many fine things,
Grass and dogs and slides and swings,
And hills of great height,
And always wind to fly a kite.
And other children,
Children, all the same,
Playing in the park
Many a different game.
The sun was bright,
The wind just right today
To fly my kite,
But I stayed in all day.
My mommy said,
"Although the weather's right,
The only children
In the park are white.
Don't go to fly
Your kite today;
The others there
Will make you come away."
I don't understand the reason
That I can't fly my kite.
The day is long,
The grass is green,
The weather is all right.

Suddenly he was awake. For a moment the world was sharp and clear, waiting at the foot of his bed. But it was gone in a flash as Pepito became fully conscious and aware that today was just another day in his life. Yet he smiled with excitement as he thought of how wonderfully different this day would be. For today he, Pepito Moreno, was going to see the world. Today he would be as free as the pigeons on his roof.

All that he had read about from those soiled and tattered books, or had seen in that old dingy movie house, he would see today. He would prove to everyone that there was a better world beyond his neighborhood, a world of flowers, trees, and blue sky, of houses and sun-tanned people. He would find those marble palaces and stores filled with strange exotic foods. He would prove to everyone, especially his father, that there was a world worth living for.

The thought of his father rekindled those old nagging sensations of impatience and frustration. Why did his father have to get so depressed about everything, yet be so content to stay just where he was? Why wouldn't he ever read any of Pepito's books about the world? He always got so mad whenever Pepito described to him all those beautiful things. Didn't his father want to see the world at all?

Pepito's irritation fled as soon as his feet touched the cold, bare floor boards. Quickly he dressed, and grabbing his little purse of fadded purple satin hidden under his pillow, crept quietly into the kitchen. The tired wrinkled face of the old man from whom he had bought the purse flashed across his mind as he pattered around, trying not to wake his brothers and sisters. Holding on to a piece of old stale bread, he chewed eagerly on some cold hamburger as he slipped out the door and crept down the four long flights of creaky stairs. He paused on the stoop in front of the tenement house where his family lived and breathed deeply of the stale morning air, completely oblivious of the smell of exhaust, garbage and sewage.

Dawn had triumphantly arrived, oozing in a steel-grey slice between two rows of tall gaunt buildings. Like a bird suddenly realizing its freedom after the first moment of shock at seeing the cage door open, Pepito leaped off the stoop and ran down the alley as fast as his legs could carry him. He soon reached the run-down old delicatessen marking the farthest point he had ever been in his life. Now he was in new territory and boldly marching into the world.

The morning went by swiftly to Pepito as he walked down the long narrow streets, holding tightly onto his purse. He had wanted to buy something that he could bring home as proof of the world he was going to discover. His pace quickened as he neared another corner; surely this was the one. A picture of a sparkling brook flashed through his mind as a final running step brought him around

he corner. But no, there were only more people and buildings, ars and honking horns. His heart sank like an overturned toy boat, aking with it many dreams.

As Pepito's eyes scanned past the buildings they rested on a mall shop at the far corner. It was a little oriental gift shop. He ad never seen a store like this before. Unconsciously clutching is little purse, he walked in. His spirits rose with the hesitancy f a punished dog seeking relief. Inside the shop was dark and nusty smelling. He was noticing the dust and tarnish on the little ots as a gaunt wrinkled old man, not unlike the one he had bought he purse from, sidled in. In a quick harsh voice he called Pepito a ittle vagabond and told him to get out. The boy hurried out ripping over an old broken flower pot as he turned back down the treet. Slowly and bewilderedly he went on down the next street.

By noontime Pepito was very tired and hungry. His feet ached nd his eyes smarted from the strain of constant searching, and tears nshed. Perhaps his father was right, maybe all those movies were ust dreams, and those books just the products of someone's imagina- ion. Pepito stopped and sat on a nearby stoop just like his own ack home. Questions poured through his mind as he watched the eople go by. So this was the world; the streets, the people, the ouses, the sky—they were all just the same. Where was this new nd beautiful world he had dreamed of? In his desperation, Pepito elt like crying out to the people going by. But he didn't for he new they would only laugh.

Pepito turned toward home with a heavy heart and eyes filled with arkness and disillusionment. He had kept track of his direction and ould find his way home but it was hard and very, very long. Yet by ne time dusk had fallen and Pepito had reached the old delicates- en, he felt a lot better. He had made a discovery, and though eenly disappointed, he at least knew what the world was. In a ay he was very relieved. He understood now why his father was ontent with his own world. He saw then that his neighborhood as the world and people left it only in their imagination. Pepito as content now, he was satisfied, he had proven to himself what e had wanted to know and now he was happy to be back in the ecurity of home.

Then suddenly Pepito saw something pale lying in the gutter eside him not a half a block from his home. He stopped and picked up. A look of amazement and then almost fear flicked across his ace as he recognized the soft, silken petals of a lily. He had read f a man who once spoke of lilies. It had been a story he never rgot. Yet just as quickly as Pepito saw the truth in the petals of is soiled and crushed flower, he dismissed it. Quickly and with me semblance of a shudder he threw it into a near-by trash can. losing the top firmly on the can, Pepito turned toward his home, id his world.

TIM SCOTT, SLATER, IOWA, 17 / "I became interested in photography about two ago. I wanted my pictures to be 'eye-catchers.' I constantly looked for the picture in any object I saw. I read as many photography books as possible skilled technically and to know the basic steps in composing a picture. The pict my two sisters (page 40) was taken out in our yard while they were playing wit pups. They are very cooperative about posing for me, although I had to be clicki shutter fast to get the best picture."

ANNETTE PLETTAU, SCHILLER PARK, ILL., 18 / "Many young people become discouraged in the field of art and would give up their efforts if it were not f encouragement, praise, and helpful criticism of some teacher or friend. This ha true in my case, and I have been inspired by such sincerely dedicated people to in developing any talent I may have and continue my study of art in college. the great worth of creative expression lies in the fact that competent artists ha power to expose the bad and extol the good in their fellow men, while simulta creating beauty." "Blue Girls" (page 40).

SUSANNA BERMAN, NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., 15 / "Being interested means a great deal to me. I begin to notice more things every time I paint, makes the world itself more exciting. Being able to paint a little gives me a strive for and a place in life. This particular painting of 'The Sisters' 41) was one of many I painted for Christmas presents. I received some new m which really excited me. I set to work after reading a book of Modigliani's. result I came up with these three lonely, sad companions. They have each They are all different."

ANDREA LAHRS, WEST SENECA, N.Y., 15 / "Whenever I see beauty that ca quickly—in a certain way the sun glows or casts shadows—I want to capture it how and the way that comes most naturally to me is through art. No amo description or explanation seems capable of expressing my emotions so freely creative art. In a world where so much of a person's life is directed by the and actions of others, art provides a kind of freedom for me. It is my way to individuality in the things I see and feel." "Child in the Night" (page 42).

ROBERT SPEAR, LANSDALE, PA., 17 / "To be successful in the field of photo one has to be creative. The meaning this has for me is the challenge of usi imagination to create a mood or idea, and then to be able to express it photograph. The reason I like the photo I entered (page 43) is because common scene of the fountain, and the added interest created by the children's prints and other markings. This photo was shot on the side of a set of bleache Little League ballfield."

DON FATKA, POLK CITY, IOWA, 18 / "I have always been interested in s usual things in an unusual way with my camera. My entry 'Candy Bowl in th light' (page 43) was taken one morning in a shaft of sunlight coming through a w I feel this is one of the best pictures I have taken."

BUFFY REWICK, HONOLULU, HAWAII, 17 / "I first became interested in creative writing through a very dynamic teacher in freshman English. I've always been interested in the abilities of young children to view the world candidly and I have felt that they knew much more than they were able to tell. 'Verse' (page 44) is an attempt to catch the feelings of a little girl who understands the meaning of life and time, the feeling of loss at each second that goes by never to return, but can't understand enough to express her ideas. A child can experience these feelings and honestly say she's lost—which adults never do."

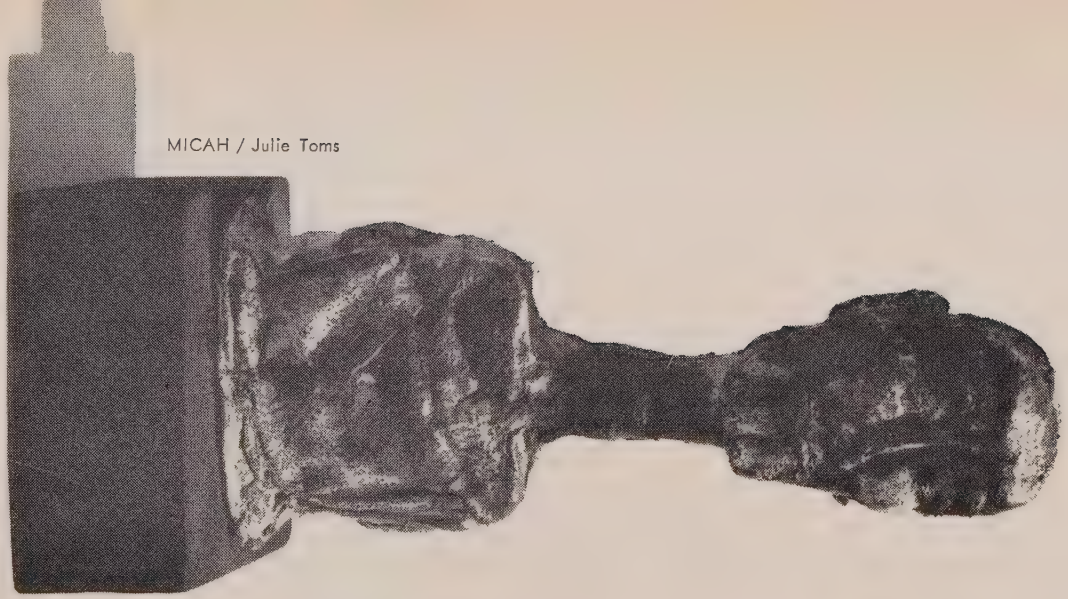
MIKE THOMSETT, MILL VALLEY, CALIF., 17 / "I began writing whatever came into my mind, and suddenly found that you can mold words into a message when they are written with a true feeling. To me, creativity, especially in writing, is a way I can release some of the feelings I have about life, and a way I can let others know me better. 'To Fly a Kite' (page 45) was written at the time the Civil Rights Movement broke out in full strength this year."

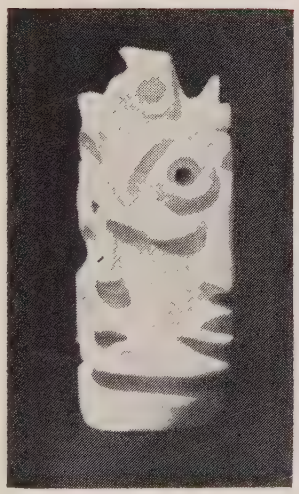
JANE AVERY, CARTHAGE, N.Y., 17 / "For me, creative expression is a means of communication—not only with other people, but also with myself. When I began writing 'The World' (pages 46-47) I had no idea how it would turn out. It began as a means by which I could express my dislike of the city, Yet, even then, I knew that somehow I would have to find out why it was that people could be content living within its walls. Through writing 'The World' I learned something about human nature: contentment is the result of security, and for most people security is ignorance."

TERRY GOODWIN, PLYMOUTH, CONN., 15 / "My real calling came from a creative writing conference a year ago. I have since attended this year's conference which has been equally exciting and inspiring. My work 'Crypto-obscurity' (page 61) is one in a series which were inspired by these conferences."

SHERRY LAMPREY, ALLENTOWN, N.J., 16 / "Poetry isn't just a bunch of words on a sheet of paper. Often a look, a gesture, or a word is pure poetry. I think God allows everybody at least one quick glimpse of truth; what we do with this insight is entirely up to us. Actually, this poem came out in about ten minutes after the ideas had been wriggling around in my head for two years or more. 'What is God?' (page 61) is a reflection of several experiences I've had. The poem means a lot to me, because when I wrote it, a hunk of me came out of its hiding place."

MICAH / Julie Toms

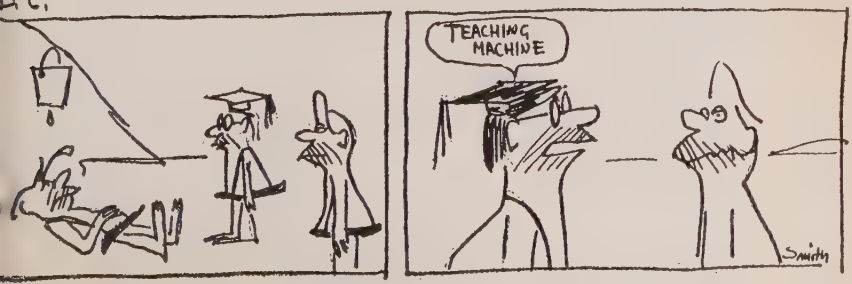




THREE FACES / Lois Grimm

CARTOON / Ed Smith

Johnny Hartless



MOHAMMED ALI / Jonathan Frost

THE BETTER TO SEE, MY DEAR / Ann Williams

OR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY; BUT THEN

UNTITLED / David Brown

UNTITLED / Jane Guinther

ST. PATRICK'S IN NEW YORK / Mark Stillwell

POLITICAL PRISONER / Peter Waite

NOW EVEN ALSO AS I AM KNOWN.

WOODSMAN SPARE THAT TREE BY BOB WILLIFORD

"Here, too, my smiling sisters played."

What would my sister be like, I wonder, if she had but lived? We she have been a frail, china-like, golden tressed beauty? This is how I th of her. I think not of her as the eighteen-hour-old infant, still red and sig less as she lay there in her crib, but as the twenty-eight-year-old daughte my mother. Someone to talk to without fear of stepping on someone's t someone to share ideas and thoughts with, someone to love until the "ri girl" comes along; and someone to talk to about that "right girl" with fear of jealously. Someone to outpour your*self* to. It is a strange feelin love someone you never knew, except as a birth certificate, a flower grave, and a dull ache in the heart. Strange to love and miss something have never known.

Who will come and be my sister?

PETITION BY DAVID HUMMON

Hear me, dear God, my plea rings out to thee,
My world this day knows not of love and peace,
It speaks of death and war and hate to me;
Its piercing screams are hell, oh let them cease!
Its people arm with bow and gleaming spear,
They aim their lethal arrows skillfully,
They pull the string of life so taut, I fear
'Twill break and hell will reign eternally!

We must have peace, no other can succeed;
For life, all life is close to death, and life
Itself is now just time and fear. O lead
Us forward out of fear of bomb and knife;
Let peace of mind and world be thy great trust
To man; For war will take all life to dust!

VE RIGHTLY . . .' BY GEOFFREY WAITE

spatter
as butterflies
against
filthy windshield
of speeding time
without a driver

h insect's multi-colored detritus
and gore congealed
of lymph
ves more a trace
than we

A HAPPENING BY JOAN MIDGLEY

Harlem night,
No light,
Restless crowd,
Voices loud.

Harlem night,
Street light,
A little rain,
Angered gang.

Harlem night,
Flashing light,
Police come,
Fire at one!

Harlem night,
Starlight,
Mother crying
Boy dying.

Scene: A hole in the ground

You: Here I sit. Here I hide. Hide? From what? From what! Ther nothing left to hide from.

Me: Reality

You: No! Not from reality! I'm realistic! That's why I dug this ho you know.

Me: I know. That's what you said.

You: You don't believe me.

Me: I believe you.

You: If I could only see your face—it's so dark though—I could if you believed me.

Someone: He buried his face in the newspaper this morning. He mumb something about a cold war. I told him there *would* be wa he let his breakfast get cold. He drank only his coffee quickly kissed me good-bye. Good—bye.

You: I saw them die—like insects that've been sprayed with R only it wasn't quite as merciful. They suffered first. Th twitched and screamed insanely. I covered my eyes and when they began to vomit. It created such a stench, you kn

Me: They're all dead now, though. Must be. It's been days, has it? It seems like days—or maybe it's only been minutes t seem like days. Man has reached his ultimate the . . . (*kno ing sound*)

Someone: Here they come again—like dogs out of a snow storm, yelp to come in. They must know we can't let them in to infect too. They must know and still they knock. So take the g again and warn them off, and if they do not go—well, y know what to do. (*two shots*)

You: Another body at the door. Another soul to add to the milli buried under the stench of their own decay.

Me: And here we sit, buried under our own fear of reality.

You: I *am* realistic.

Me: I know. You told me.

Gunman: (*Returning. Speaks with an air of indifference*): Killed a nig this mawning'. Guess 'twere a nigger. Smelt like one, even burnt up. Couldn't tell much for looking at him, though— I said, he was kinda burnt up. Folks use t' say I was the b nigger tracker in the whole Klan—not too loud, course. We t' stalk 'em at night. Actually we just jump out from an alley one of 'em walkin' alone—a whole gang of us—but me alw in the lead. We'd leave him, or her—don't matter, them nigg is all dogs—we'd leave him maimed and yellin' so's to lik bring the cops—or mebe one o' them damn goodie north

nigger lovers that's been pesterin' around where they don't belong. But nobody never did nothin'. I seen all of 'em watchin' from their windows, and we'd all laugh like 'twere a clown jumpin' 'round and yelpin'. And nobody never did nothin.' They just watched.

: You didn't laugh this morning.

nman: No. It was good to laugh then. They'd all pat me on the back and buy me booze. I was nothin'—but the nigger was less. This mawnin' it was jus' me and that twisted figure. Just two of us—and it made me sick.

: I used to hide. I lived in Massachusetts and I hid from having to face the negro problem by preaching brotherly love and sitting back to watch and condemn. Now I'm sitting in a hole hiding from reality. . . . Always hiding.

neone: I was a child once. I remember vaguely such things as flowers and birds and fluffy white clouds that sailed over my head in the shapes of ships and animals. I remember that clock ticked; the sun rose and set in purple and orange skies; the moon and snow made silhouettes of bare trees on winter nights. I lost all that to my childhood as I grew older and tireder and busier. Now I am buried alive in a dark hole with no chance of regaining what I lost—no more chances.

u: Life was a game of chances, and I'm well rid of it. For the poor man it was a chance that he might not get that job; that he might starve to death. For many of the rich it was a chance at getting caught at corrupt dealings. For the weak it was the chance of getting trampled by the powerful. For the powerful it was the chance of falling from power.

nman: (*regaining courage*) Heh, heh. Y'know, we in the Klan gave power t'most o' the powerful 'uns in the south. We jus' let ev'yone know who they's t' vote for and kep' the niggers out of it. Kep' 'em out o' the votin' polls. 'Course we had t' hang a few o' them fust. But they got the idea. Them niggers is stupid, but they don't like no torment—No Sir!

: So you achieved power by torture. We buy it in Massachusetts—like children, with a child's incompetence, pulling at the strings of puppets bought in toy stores. Nobody knew much about power; nobody cared, and everyone complained. But it doesn't matter because there isn't any Massachusetts, nor New York, nor . . .

u: Shuddup! You got the hole, don't you! You got the hole!

: Yes, I've got the hole. I've got the grave. (*long silence*) There's someone weeping. Is someone afraid?

u: In my hole! Someone afraid in my hole?

: Shuddup! Who's crying there? Speak up! (*silence*) Afraid to

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

speak—afraid to live. When I was alive, I hid inside a w
afraid to face the world. I knew there was corruption
pain, and immorality on the outside. I could condemn in
the wall because the words would bounce back to me—not
ing me or any one any harm, but not doing any good eit
Behind the wall I didn't have to come in contact with corrupt
pain and immorality. I didn't have to face the truth that ma
I was at fault for indifference, or perhaps I had created
situations that gave birth to many of the vices of man.

A fifteen-year-old boy is hauled into court for petty theft.
who created the society that drove his mother to prostitutio
the only means of support; that made him cold on cold days
hungry on every day; that made him steal because there
no other way; that was raising a new generation of torme
dope addicts and alcoholics? You and I created that soc
Brother—you and I. (*pause*) When I was alive I was at
of life. Now I am afraid of death.

You: Because you have no faith!

Me: Faith, yes, I'd forgotten about that—something about salvat
I never understood it very well. Science was much more tang
stuff—and I was right! It got us in the end, didn't it! (*seriou*
and there was something about prayer. . . .

You: Let's all sing, "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam"! Ready! (*a*
ward silence, weeping)

Me: . . . I'd forgotten about that prayer business. I've forgotten
to pray. . . . (*commences on a wobbly prayer to himself*).

Someone: . . . And there was love once too. I remember such a thing
fore the hate that swept the earth and wiped it out like a de
plague. I remember love and the sweet smell of my lover w
we embraced and the smell of coffee and spring mornings
. . . (*exultant—suddenly silent.*)

Gunman: . . . Was I any worse than the Communist gorillas that stu
chopsticks down screaming children's ears, or the twenty
who was freed after murdering those civil rights workers
you for watchin' it all jus' happen?

Me: What about those civil rights workers?

Gunman: They was murdered. (*silence*)

You: I meant to send a dollar to CARE this Christmas. Suppose
too late now. Those that didn't starve are dead now anyw
We'll all die off one by one. I'll eat you or you'll eat me.
we'll all die eventually and be added to the millions bu
under the stench of their own decay.

Me: We are already buried under our fear of reality.

You: I *am* realistic. That's why I dug this hole, you know.

Me: I know. You told me.

CRYPTO-OBSCURITY BY TERRY GOODWIN

man is a square answer
to some confused question
Silence, immediate and profound
reaches into the abyss
the very crevices of the mind,
touching each thought with its magnitude
and with its brevity, leaving
the intoxication of its enlightenment
Man asked his way and
the Universe replied "nowhere"

WHAT IS GOD? BY SHERRY LAMPREY

God is
A brown-eyed girl standing in the rain
drinking a glass of milk
with a silent tear running down her cheek
and a slow smile beginning to form on her lips.

God is
When you walk along the camp boardwalk
late at night with a candle in your hand
and you say "please don't go out!" and it doesn't.

God is
When you see a rainbow and your soul
reaches
out to touch it.

God is
The feeling you get when you walk
down a dirt road and find a little girl
crying in the leaves and after you
help her bury her Praying Mantis
she looks up at you and quietly says,
"He was a good bug."

But most important: *GOD IS!*

JULIE TOMS, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., 19 / "I have always been interested in arts, especially sculpture, as there is so much more to work with in three dimens did 'Micah' (page 50) while in the hospital last fall and made it with what was available—outdated plaster cast gauze impregnated with plaster of Paris."

LOIS GRIMM, WEST SENECA, N.Y., 17 / "As a result of exposure to art, and the efforts of my father and art teacher, my interest was cultivated. My entry Faces' (pages 50-51) is composed of three faces which blend into one anothe features of each one represent one of the three major races of the world. Althoug physically dissimilar, we are all basically alike in that certain mental characteristics and beliefs coincide. 'Three Faces' was done over a period years—small bits were added slowly until I was satisfied with the end result."

ED SMITH, CHICAGO, ILL., 19 / "In the last week of March, the staff *Chicago Illini*, the student newspaper of the University of Illinois, decided to an April Fool issue. Since I am the staff editorial cartoonist, I was told on T go home, ignore studies, and have as many cartoons as possible on the edit Wednesday morning. The ambitious idea was to, in a few days, put together of all Chicago's daily newspapers. My cartoon 'D.C.' (page 51) is a take-off on

JONATHAN FROST, COLUMBUS, OHIO, 15 / "Art is the expression of the physical mental, and spiritual worlds of men. The main physical attracti painting should be in its structure, not in its subject matter. 'Mohammed Al 52) must be a strong person. Whether he looks like a man or a woman to the whether or not he appears clever, whether he is foreign and mystic or clear an standable, whether he haunts or pleases, he has to be strong. The strength picture depends upon directness, structural emphasis, and personal depth. Do A emphasize his Arabic qualities or my feelings about his character?"

ANN WILLIAMS, MILWAUKEE, WIS., 17 / "Although a camera is much human eye, it can see things in a different light or angle, and record them f to sense." "The Better to See, My Dear" (page 52).

DAVID BROWN, FT. MITCHELL, KY., 17 / "I began to take an active in creative expression just this year after studying the technical aspects of photogr about seven years. One day I noticed the interesting symmetry of the hair on the a friend's head. It all seemed to radiate from a fixed point in the center. Imm I asked him if I might photograph it and my entry (page 53) was created."

JANE GUINTHER, BUCYRUS, OHIO, 17 / "Creative work has always held attraction for me. I have used it as a means of expressing my feelings and My entry (page 53) of abstract op art is a first attempt on my part at either a op art."

MARK STILLWELL, HATFIELD, PA., 18 / "I became interested in photography when I became a member of the photo class at North Penn High School in Lansdale in my senior year. I got my own camera and found I enjoyed expressiong my creative feelings by the way I composed the pictures and printed them. In the St. Patrick's Cathedral picture (page 54), I tried to bring out the idea that even though we build skyscrapers and send men into outer space, we still have time for religion. When I printed the picture, I blacked in all the areas so that the church would stand out."

PETER WAITE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., 14 / " 'Creative expression'—so that's the label they put on my work! When I first started my linoleum cut 'Political Prisoner' (page 55), I had no intention of having it in that class. This was my first wood cut, and it was more or less an experiment. You may call it what you wish, but I'm not that much of a prodigy to be called a 'creative expressionist' yet."

BOB WILLIFORD, ST. LOUIS, MO., 16 / "I wrote this poem soon after I felt the impact of my brother leaving us to move to Seattle with his family. I went for a walk one night and ended up at the darkened, deserted playground of my grade school. I sat on the swing and thought, in the dark and the loneliness, what it would be like to have with me the sister that I had never seen to share the night and perhaps dispel some of the eternal darkness that has forever confounded mankind. So was born 'Woodsman' (page 56)."

DAVID HUMMON, MONTCLAIR, N.J., 18 / "I became interested in writing through the instruction and encouragement of my sophomore English teacher, Mr. Kermit Dehl. Although a good deal of my writing has been done for school, I am writing increasingly for my own enjoyment. I like working with words and developing ideas through creative writing. 'Petition' (page 56) was written in October, 1962, after President Kennedy went on television about the Cuban Crisis. I was so upset about what was happening that I had to express my questions about our world and the men who are trying to live in it. I plan to enter Columbia in New York City this fall and am thinking of majoring in English."

GEOFFREY WAITE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., 17 / Geoffrey's poem '. . . live rightly' appears on page 57. He is studying this year in Europe so a statement and photo was not able to be obtained from him at short notice. The poem was submitted by his mnister, Rev. J. H. Westerhoff, of the First Congregational Church, Williamstown, Mass., who writes that Geoffrey composed the poem during his senior year of high school and it was published in the school paper, *Gemini*. He will enter Harvard University this fall.

JOAN MIDGLEY, MADISON, WIS., 17 / "Self expression is important in our world today. So many times, people try to hide their emotions in the hurried bustle that surrounds them. I often write as an outlet for my own emotions. Many times it helps me to see things more clearly. Most of the time I write about problems: mine, teenagers, our country's, and the world's. I always include people." "A Happening" (page 57).

DEBORAH CARTER, EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., 18 / "I never really questioned why I write, I just do. I enjoy the medium of poetry most, because even the sound of the words suggest a mood. My entry (pages 58-60) was my first real attempt at playwriting. Its title—'A play'—and the names of the characters are simple and mean to suggest that the play could happen anytime, anywhere, and the characters could be any four people— even you. This play protests the pettiness, hypocrisy, hatred, prejudice, and all else that we men conjure up to cause trouble in our time and world."

Other contributors in this section appear on page 49.

Cover photo by Ed Eckstein